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EFFECTS OF HABITAT ON ANIMALS.

If animals are dependant upon external conditions for their existence—that is, upon circumstances of climate, food, and the like—then must a change of these conditions be accompanied by a change, less or more, in the character of the dependant creatures. We think this is apparent from the fact, that different regions are tenanted by different species—a thing for which there would have been no necessity had the animal constitution been indifferent to the physical peculiarities by which it is surrounded. It does not affect the question under consideration, whether the various species now known have sprung from a common root, or whether the several continents have had creations peculiar to themselves. All that we are required to consider in the present instance are—the changes which have taken place under the observation of man—the curious modifications which alteration of habitat sometimes superinduces on the animal character. Such changes manifest themselves variously in different animals: in some species the general structure improves, in others it deteriorates; some merely exhibit a change in the colour or texture of their external coverings, others are so altered throughout, that they bear but a faint resemblance to the originals from which they sprang. It is to some of the more curious of these modifications that we mean to direct attention, premising that many are effected slowly, others rapidly; that some are fugitive, others permanent, and transmissible from generation to generation; and that, in general, they are so varied and uncertain, that it is as yet impossible to reduce them under any law.

One of the most obvious modifications produced in the animal economy by change of place, is increase or decrease of general bulk. Thus the horse or ox; taken from the arid plain or lofty mountain range, and depastured on low fertile valley land, will be found, after a few generations, to have established a breed of greatly enlarged proportions. The reverse holds equally true; and however much professed naturalists may talk of distinct and different species, there can be little doubt that the small shaggy horse of Tartary, the Welsh pony, and their still more diminutive cousin of Shetland, are but varieties of the common horse, moulded, after the lapse of many ages, by the conditions of habitat, into the miniature forms we now behold them. It is evident from the structure of the horse, that he is fitted for the dry and open plain, and not for the marsh or forest—a circumstance that implies lightness and compactness of form rather than ponderous hugeness. And yet we see the horse of Flanders, the Clydesdale breed, and the dray-horse of London, equalling, nay, sometimes excelling, the elephant in weight and dimensions; a result which, we know for

certain, has been brought about by the condition to which man has thought fit to restrict them. But man could do nothing of himself in this respect, unless there previously existed a natural adaptability in the animal constitution; and the existence of such an adaptability is all that is necessary to establish the fact, that it must be affected by the external or physical conditions that surround it. We are not, however, without instances in nature of similar modifications, and these, too, brought about in a comparatively short period. The Falkland islands, which, when taken possession of about the beginning of last century, had no native quadrupeds except a large wolf-like fox, have since been peopled with horses and cattle from Spanish South America; and there the former have already considerably degenerated in size and power. 'All the horses bred here,' says Mr Darwin, 'both tame and wild, are rather small-sized, though generally in good condition; and they have lost so much strength, that they are unfit to be used in taking wild cattle with the lasso: in consequence, it is necessary to go to the great expense of importing fresh horses from the Plata. At some future period, the southern hemisphere probably will have its breed of Falkland ponies, as the northern has its Shetland breed.'

But while the horses have thus degenerated, the cattle seem to have increased in size, and, what is extremely curious, to have broken into different colours, each prevailing colour being limited to a certain part of the island. They also vary much less in the general form of their bodies, and in the shape of their horns, than English cattle, the individuals of each great group being extremely like to each other. 'Round Mount Usborne,' continues our authority, 'at a height of from 1000 to 1500 feet above the sea, about half of some of the herds are mouse or lead-coloured, a tint which is not common in other parts of the island. Near Port Pleasant dark-brown prevails; whereas south of Choiseul Sound (which divides the island into two parts), white beasts, with black heads and feet, are the most common: in all parts, black and some spotted animals may be observed. Captain Sullivan remarks, that the difference in the prevailing colours was so obvious, that in looking for the herds near Port Pleasant, they appeared from a long distance like black spots, whilst south of Choiseul Sound they appeared like white spots, on the hill sides. He is also of opinion that the herds do not mingle; and it is a singular fact, that the mouse-coloured cattle, though living on the high land, calve about a month earlier in the season than the other coloured beasts on the lower land. It is interesting thus to find the once domesticated cattle breaking into three colours, of which some one colour would, in all probability, ultimately prevail over the others, if the herds were left undisturbed for the next several centuries.' Here, then, in a limited space, and in a very short period, we have several re-

markable illustrations of the doctrine, that change of habitat is accompanied by a greater or less modification in the animal constitution which may be subjected to it. In the first place, the horse, transported from the more congenial climate and extensive pampas of South America to the inhospitable limits of these islands, degenerates in size, and slowly increases in numbers. Secondly, the ox seems to thrive better under the more humid climate, and on the ranker herbage; and not only so, but to be affected strangely as to its colours in different parts of the island. And lastly, what is most singular of all, the cattle inhabiting the higher regions of the island bring their young into the world a month earlier in the season than those living on the lower land—a result for which, like many others in nature, we know not at present even the shadow of a cause.

Another of the more obvious results of change of habitat on animals, is a modification either of the colour or texture of their external coverings. In torrid climates, the sheep loses its woolly fleece, and is covered with hair; the dog, when naturalised in Guinea, becomes almost naked, while a few seasons in the polar regions are sufficient to clothe the same animal with a dense coating of hair and wool. Similar changes likewise take place even when the habitat of the animal is stationary, provided it be subjected to the extremes of summer's heat and winter's cold. Thus, in the bleak regions of the north, the coverings both of birds and quadrupeds become, during winter, nearly double in quantity of what they are in summer; hair passes into a woolly texture; the feet of some birds become garnished with feathers; and during the same season colours of a dark or brownish hue pass into white. 'The Alpine hare,' says Mr E. Thompson, 'which is found in Scotland, is in summer of a tawny gray, while in winter it is of a snowy white. The ermine, which is also found in the British islands, has its summer coat of a reddish brown, but in winter it affords the beautiful white fur which is so generally known. The plumage of the ptarmigan—a bird of the grouse species, which breeds in Scotland—is of an ash colour, with dusky spots in summer, and of a pure white in winter.' The advantage of such modifications is abundantly evident: wool is warmer than hair, and a white colour radiates or gives off the internal heat of the body more slowly than any darker colour. But as no animal can produce such changes in its covering by any act of volition, we must ascribe the result to change of temperature; and as a certain degree of winter's cold in Scotland, for example, is just equivalent to a permanent removal to a northern latitude, so we may expect a northern habitat to produce all similar changes on animals of a southern origin. Proceeding upon this doctrine, M. Gloyer of Breslau, who has devoted much attention to the change produced in the plumage of birds by climate, has arrived at the following conclusions:—The black colour, or dark-brown, becomes darker as the animal approaches the south; lighter towards the north. The gray, or brown-gray, remains nearly the same when it is not mixed; but when it is rust colour, or blue-gray, or slate colour, it becomes black in the south, or, on the contrary, white if it be mixed with whitish gray. In the north, the gray and the brown-gray become lighter, or are changed to white. The different shades of rust colour are those which, in warm countries, have the greatest tendency to deepen, and to spread all over the animal. Pink, and the colours which approach to it, suffer the least modification. Blue, green, yellow-green, escape almost entirely the influence of climate. The beak and feet

undergo similar changes; that is to say, if the colour of the bird becomes darker from the effect of heat, these take also a darker hue. These conclusions were remarkably corroborated by the case of some American hares (*Lepus Americanus*) which, according to the statement of Colonel Smith, were shipped for Europe quite white, but at the end of twenty days had turned quite brown. The hairs were not shed, and the change must have taken place in the hairs themselves. Again, the otter, which in Scotland is of a sooty black above, and of a pale colour on the under parts, approaches, in the south of Ireland, nearly to black, both on the upper and under surface, and assumes larger ears, and some other minute differences of structure. So different at first sight does the animal appear, that certain naturalists regard the Irish otter as distinct from his Scottish brother.

In man, too, as in the lower animals, such modifications are abundantly evident; the only difference being, that, as he advances in civilisation, his ingenuity endeavours to render all habitats alike agreeable, and he thus insensibly counteracts the free operation of natural causes. M. Gloyer is of opinion, for example, that if the characteristic of blue eyes and fair hair, which antiquity has attributed to the Germans, is no longer so generally found to exist in Germany, it proceeds less from admixture with other races than from the softening of the climate by cultivation. Now, should this doctrine be correct, it must follow that the red-haired, blue-eyed Scandinavian, if removed to the climate of Spain or Italy, will, after a few generations, assume the dark hair and eyes so generally characteristic of the natives of these countries. And extending the doctrine still farther, there is no known opposing reason why the northern Asiatic and European should not, in course of time, exhibit the bronzed complexion of the Malay, or the sooty skin of the negro, together with their other constitutional peculiarities, were the proper conditions of an Indian or an African habitat imposed upon them. This brings us, however, to a much-controverted point—a subject as to which naturalists and ethnologists are far from being at one; namely, whether the white and coloured tribes of mankind belong to the same race; in other words, whether, in process of generations, a European, subjected to African influences, would not assume the sooty skin, the woolly hair, and thick lips, and other peculiarities of the negro? Laying aside all argument in the meantime, and bearing in mind the wonderful effects which habitat is capable of producing on other animals, we incline to the convertibility of the races, and believe that, in lapse of ages, either would assume the characteristics of the other. We know, for example, that Europeans, after a few years' residence in India or Africa, assume a dark complexion; and in some instances this change so rapidly and strongly effected, that the individuals, were it not for their features, could not be detected from the natives. This, then, implies a similarity in constitution—the existence of a pigmental apparatus in man, which only requires certain conditions of habitat to develop its functions. How long it would require to stamp a European race with the thorough characteristics of the negro, or *vice versa*, we do not know: no proper trial has ever been made; and though the experience of several centuries lies before them, ethnologists seem rather to indulge in their own hypotheses, than begin to collect data from actual existence. This only we are assured of, that if there exist in nature such a law as M. Gloyer has endeavoured to shadow forth in reference to the inferior animals, then is mankind by no means exempt from its influence. Indeed we have a striking example of its effect in the case of the Americans. The United States, peopled by English, Scotch, Irish, French, and Germans, have in the space of a couple of centuries produced a style of figure and physiognomy different

from any of the originals—a style so peculiar, that we know of no European traveller who has failed to remark it.

But it is not alone in mere bulk, in proportional size of certain parts, in the kind and colour of external covering, or in the general appearance of animals, that change of habitat exhibits its influence; there are various constitutional results of an important nature which it is equally capable of effecting. Cretinism—that terrible scourge of Switzerland—it is now ascertained, can be cured by transferring the patients from their low valleys to the high mountains; and at a distance of three or four thousand feet above the level of the sea, these unhappy creatures are no longer met with. To diminish the number of Cretins in the narrow valleys of the Alps, the Swiss government has accordingly founded an institution on a mountain in Berner Oberland, for the physical, intellectual, and moral development of children who, in their infancy, present indications of this unhappy condition. The establishment, though of very recent origin, is said to be fulfilling the purpose intended; and this, be it observed, not owing to anything partaking of medical treatment, but simply to change of habitat. *Plica Polonica*, another disgusting disease, common in Poland, Lithuania, and the adjacent parts of central Europe, is not known beyond these limits, being therefore essentially the result of habitat. The same may be remarked of the Guinea-worm, to the attacks of which stranger and native are alike subject within a certain range of the tropics; but which have happily never yet been experienced beyond that range. Again, hydrophobia, so much dreaded in our own country whenever an unusually hot summer sets in, is totally unknown in much warmer latitudes; as, for example, in Egypt, where the heat is often oppressive, and where the dogs prowl about the streets, living on offal and garbage, uncared of, and uncaring for, any one. Passing, however, these and other affections, which may in some degree be regarded as accidental, there are many structural changes, the effects of habitat, which, though minute, are not the less curious and instructive. The offspring of birds, which, in the adjacent continent of America, are garrulous and noisy, have become silent and dumb in the islands of Polynesia; and the progeny of ship-dogs left on the coral island of Juan de Novo, have, after the lapse of a century or so, entirely lost the faculty of barking. The tuskless, bristleless, domesticated pigs which the French and Spaniards introduced into the Falkland islands about the beginning of last century, have now become a wild fierce race, with great tusks and stiff bristles, some of the old boars of which would do honour even to *Erymanthus*. The rabbits, too, have so much changed, not in mere external covering only, but in conformation of head and jaw, that Cuvier himself, ignorant of the fact of their origin, regarded the skull of one which was sent him as a distinct species; thus once more showing the absurdity of founding specific distinctions upon trifling details. These, and many other examples which might be adduced, all tend to prove how much animal nature is affected by habitat, and how much it depends for its development upon the physical peculiarities which surround it.

The ductility or adaptability in the animal constitution which we have here pointed out, is one of the most important arrangements in creation. Through it the creatures which people the globe are prepared for certain changes of climate, food, soil, and the like. Without such a provision, every change of external conditions would have been attended with pain and inconvenience to life, if not with its extinction. Again, it is essential to the peopling of this earth, which, in all its parts, seems to have been destined to be the theatre of life and enjoyment; for, without such a law of adaptability, every little section of surface must have had its own peculiar creation, or lain a blank, unfit for the reception of the inhabitants of other sections previously peopled.

Further, taking an economical view of the matter, it is of the utmost importance to man, inasmuch as, by proper attention, he can mould, as it were, the inferior animals to his peculiar wants and wishes. Where, for example, is there in nature an animal like the dray-horse of London, cattle so well adapted for human food as the Durham oxen, or sheep so large, and plump, and nutritious as the Leicester breed, which Bakewell took so much pains to propagate and perfect? This elasticity in animal nature, however, must have its limits, beyond which neither man nor the inferior creatures can pass with impunity. We do not expect, for example, the camel to accommodate itself to the snows of Greenland, nor the reindeer of the Esquimaux to luxuriate on the deserts of Africa. And yet we know nothing of the limits to animal adaptability: nature often brings about the most important and gigantic results by the slightest and most imperceptible causes.

THE RIFLE, A TALE OF ARKANSAS.

BY PERCY B. ST JOHN.

BENJAMIN SMITH was perhaps the tallest, most gallant, and popular of all the backwoodsmen in the state of Arkansas. Young, of manly bearing, and possessed of great energy, he had, out of a dense plot of forest land, formed in two years, aided by a small capital, an excellent farm, with a clearing of several acres. It happened, however, just as this farm was completed, and Benjamin was thinking of commencing operations which should remunerate him for all his labour and expense, that his capital was exhausted. To almost any but an Arkansas backwoodsman this would have been a terrible blow; but Ben was somewhat of a philosopher, and accordingly, one fine morning at day-break he left his hut, and seating himself on a blackened stump near the door, ruminated on what was to be done. He gazed with admiration upon his house, the work of his hands, on the fenced acres, on the huge piles of wood which his own exertions had reared around, on a stream close at hand, and appeared suddenly struck with the conviction that he really was a very lucky fellow. He had all the elements of happiness within his reach; but something still was wanting. Across Ben's knees was his long narrow-bored rifle; his powder-horn and pouch hung beside him; in one hand was a knife, in the other a piece of wood, which, in order, we suppose, to conduce to the concentration of thought, he was whittling at in the most determined manner. Chip by chip fell around him; the thick pine-staff was soon reduced to a bundle of insignificant shavings; and just at this instant our hero appeared to arrive at a satisfactory solution of his difficulties. 'Well,' thought he, 'I wish I may be shot if it is not a wife I want! I've got the log, and the clearing—I can find meat in plenty while I have this rifle, and that's a real fact; but I want a wife to prepare my dinner, and talk to me when I come home; and I do believe I should like to have a chap about as high as my boot to call me "Pa!"' And then the vast bulk of the Arkansas backwoodsman was shaken with inward laughter. 'Well, it's about the greatest thing I've hit upon for some time; but I don't exactly realise how it is to be done. One thing is certain, wives don't grow on trees like hackle-berries, and I must go to Little Rock.' With these words the young man rose, and advancing towards the hut, fastened the door, and shouldering his rifle, at once began his journey of fifty or sixty miles.

Little Rock, in Arkansas, on the frontier of Texas, is perhaps the most disreputable town in the whole United

States; but neither there, nor at the White Sulphur Springs, are the enormities practised which travellers would persuade us to credit. Still, though Ben ran no danger of being choked by being forced to 'bolt' a hearty meat-dinner in two minutes and a half, nor of being gouged, nor shot across the street by accident, nor, by committing murder, getting 'canonized, and elected into the States' legislature,' it was rather dangerous for one of his rustic character to be domesticated in a town where men of such idle, lazy, and swaggering habits were assembled. Though Little Rock be not strictly an 'Alsatia for all kinds of thieves and gamblers, forgers, horse-stealers, and the like,' though 'gouging, stablbing, and shooting' be not the principal occupation of the people, still, being a frontier town, whence escape into the then 'independent' republic of Texas was easy, it was naturally the resort of a large number of the class enumerated; a class, despite all that has been said, not more numerous across the Atlantic than in some places nearer home.

Ben might easily have found in Little Rock a place of residence suited to a man of good feeling and moral principles; but, used to the woods and wilds, and the society of rough, good-humoured, and well-meaning borderers like himself, he yielded to the request of the first stray acquaintance he met, and accompanied him to about the very worst boarding-house in the place. We should be sorry to induct our readers into the mysteries of such an establishment; suffice it, that Ben saw and heard enough to have made any thinking man take to flight. But Ben, who had required two years to find out that he wanted a wife, was not likely to discover in one evening that he was in a false position; and so rapid, with a simple-minded man, is the process of contamination from evil communication, that that one night sufficed almost to ruin our hero for ever. Giving way to drink—the root of the greatest amount of crime—the backwoodsman forgot himself. From drinking a little, he advanced to much. Before, however, his reason had become completely prostrated, he noticed, sitting in one corner, a man who, from his dress and appearance, appeared one of the many Poles who had taken refuge in the United States. Quiet, unobtrusive, and silent, he joined neither in the song nor the maddening games which served to murder time; but with a modest glass before him, which remained almost untouched, interfered with no one. At length a fellow called on him to join the company, and be sociable. The Pole, with a mild bow, that seemed to speak his sorrow at his situation, replied that he never drank or gambled. The fellow, irritated at what he chose to consider a covert answer, would have quarrelled with the old man; but Ben interfered, and declared that, before the Pole should be injured, they must take his life. There was a fire in the squatter's eye that silenced the bully, and the Pole remained unmolested. But time passed, and Ben drank deep and played deep; and on retiring to bed, money, rifle, and everything but the most necessary articles of clothing, had changed owners.

Morning came, and the borderer felt that his expedition in search of a wife had had a bad beginning. There was something, he was sure, radically wrong; but before he could arrive at any satisfactory conclusion as to where the error lay, his companions had joined him, and without much difficulty persuaded him to endeavour a redemption of his evil fortune. To spare ourselves the pain of narrating the fall of our hero, we may at once state that, at the end of a fortnight, he had become an accomplished specimen of a

Southern loafer, as idlers are called in the United States. One afternoon, at the expiration of this time, reduced to beggary, without the arms which might supply him with food, Ben walked through the well-laid out town of Little Rock in search of the refreshing influence of the open air. But he was no longer the sturdy woodsman, who could fell an ox, and eat him too, in no very considerable period; and as he strolled along, he grew faint and weary. Looking round for a shady spot where to rest his easily-fatigued limbs, the squatter discovered a pile of logs, close by an uninhabited house, and opposite to one which was occupied. It was advancing towards evening, and Ben was here about to give way to the gentle influence of the hour, and fall into a deep sleep, while nature was veiling her beauties for the night, when his eye accidentally wandered to a window opposite, at which sat at work a young and lovely girl—the very being, it seemed, of which he had dreamt when seated on his old stump opposite the hut reared with his own hands. Ben rose to a sitting posture; and scarcely daring to breathe, lest he should scare the beautiful vision, gazed upon her with delight and admiration. Her feminine occupation wholly absorbed her attention; and for some time the squatter enjoyed the pleasure of seeing such a creature as he felt would make the woods more delightful than the famed earthly paradise of ancient days. Suddenly the door of the house opened, and the old Pole, coming out, advanced rapidly towards our hero.

'My good friend,' he said, 'allow me to thank you for the generous manner in which you lately interfered to save me from insult. I was that night houseless, and forced to take shelter where I could, and unfortunately did so at the boarding-house, where I escaped injury only through your kindness.'

During the delivery of this speech, Ben had remained with open mouth staring at the interlocutor, and blushing like a girl fresh from a boarding-school. Decidedly there was good in Ben at bottom. When the Pole concluded, he muttered some incoherent words, at which the other smiled, and invited him to follow him into the house. The young man arose, as it were in a dream, and walked behind the stranger without saying a word. To his surprise and confusion, the old man led him into the very room occupied by the young girl, to whom he was introduced as the bold youth who had perhaps saved her father's life on a late occasion. While Ben was overwhelmed with varied feelings, the daughter of the old Polish officer rose, and welcomed him with the most unaffected kindness; and before half an hour was over, the rude squatter was seated at the evening meal of his new friends, who, though poor, had still more than absolute necessities. Encouraged by the friendly hospitality of the European fugitives, Ben at length, partly to extenuate his own late acts, frankly told his story. The manner of the old man, hitherto kind, but a little protective, became cordial and pleased. When the squatter told how he had, after two years' thought, come to the sudden conclusion that a wife, and in due time a family, would wonderfully enliven his rude log-hut, the daughter was inclined to laugh; but a glance at the deeply-moved young man, a tear that glistened in his eye, the look of hopeless admiration that he cast upon herself, restrained the feeling, and Emily Duraski scarcely spoke another word that evening. Some matter of deep moment appeared to engage her whole thoughts.

When the young man had concluded, Colonel Duraski—for such was the father's name—rose, and going to another room, presently returned with a magnificent rifle, and all the necessary appurtenances. These he laid beside Ben. 'Young man,' said he, 'you have erred grievously; but a steady resolution to act honourably will restore the greatest evil-doer to society. Without arms, you are powerless in the woods. Take these; but, as I am a poor man, I make this reservation—you must make over to me your farm, and you

must not go near it for three months. If, at the expiration of that period, you can pay me for this rifle, I restore you your home; if not, it is mine for ever." Ben, under the influence of the daughter's beauty, agreed to and signed everything; and an hour afterwards, left the house a rifle and its accoutrements the richer, but, unless he could raise a hundred dollars, for ever deprived of his hard-earned home. But Ben hoped. There were buffalo, bears, and other wild animals in the woods, whose skins were valuable; and the backwoodsman resolved to earn the rifle, and preserve at the same time his farm—and who knows what ambitious views were behind?

Distrusting his own powers of resistance, Ben Smith left Little Rock behind him at once; nor did he pause until he had placed it ten good miles behind him. He then found himself in the very thick of a virgin forest, with deep darkness settled over all nature. With the circumstances, returned all Ben's woodcraft and joyous love of a night beneath the blue sky, alone amid the overhanging sycamores, oaks, and beech. To collect wood, to make a roaring fire, and to spit a wild turkey, shot while roosting, was the work of a very short time; and then the young man sat down to await the moment when his evening meal should be ready. His first thoughts took an unlucky direction. He recollected that, on the previous night, instead of being alone, he was rioting amid excited and applauding companions, and, from the habit of such false excitement, he now felt low-spirited, and without hope. From being gloomy, his thoughts became evil. On his pale face, as the flicker of the blazing logs illumined it, one might have read the struggle of strong and angry passions. He gazed with admiration at the beautiful rifle at his feet: he felt that he could never part with it. But why should a stranger claim his inheritance, his home, the work of his hands, if he failed to raise a hundred dollars? The very idea of being deprived of his hut and clearing worked him up to fury, and, as he sat beside the burning fire, he vowed in his heart that the Pole should never own his home. Fierce and terrible were his impulses; in thought he had been a very murderer. While he already gazed around with terror and alarm at the gloomy vistas of the forest, as if expecting the ministers of vengeance to come forth, there arose before him another picture. It was as if he had dreamt a dream. He sat within a rude but warm hut, furnished, as the industrious and painstaking pioneers of civilisation usually furnish their homes, with all that is necessary, and nothing that is superfluous. A bright gladsome blaze rose upon the mud-made hearth, casting its cheerful light upon a room which contained other charms than the creature comforts. An old man slept in a rough arm-chair; a lovely woman gazed upon the dreamer with affection; while on his own knees, and in his arms, and on the ground, and in every imaginable place, were little cherubs, whose faces were so very like his, and so very like hers, that to tell whom they really resembled was impossible. Ben started. He had really dozed; but it was perhaps the most fortunate doze that ever happened to man. Heaving a deep sigh, a sense of his own unworthiness came upon him; and the reflection that, had he acted with common prudence, he might with ease have realised the exquisite picture which had come upon him with all the calming influence of the domestic affections, made him see in its true light his late inconsiderate and foolish conduct. Ben, as he now ate his meal, for once in his life thought with rapidity, and determined to act with energy and good-will. His bitter feelings against his Polish benefactor made him blush with shame, and he resolved that the rifle, which he admired so much, should be paid for even with interest.

For about a month the backwoodsman wandered through the vast woods of the Arkansas, hunting with indefatigable zeal, and collecting the results of his chase in a small cavern, where he took up his quarters, at so great distance from his former location. One night, on

returning home heavily loaded with spoils, as he stepped up towards a hole in the side of a rock, in which he was about to rest himself for the night, an angry growl made him hesitate and drop his burden. The practised woodsman recognised in the sound the peculiar tones of a panther grumbling over a bone. It was almost pitch-dark, and yet Ben, fired by the dim gray light of a few stars, and his shot told. The next instant the panther was upon him. The hunter dropped his rifle, and clutched the long knife which every Arkansaw borderer carries at his belt. The wounded beast flew to his left shoulder, which it grasped in its teeth with an energy and ferocity that would have proved fatal, had not the long bright blade gained the panther's heart at the same instant. The beast growled, let go its hold, and fell dead. For a moment Ben stood erect, proud and glad of his victory; but the next instant he felt a sensation of pain in his shoulder and left arm, which satisfied him that he was dangerously, if not mortally wounded. It had been from a natural feeling that he selected for his new abode a spot within two miles of his log-house; and thither, after hastily stanching his wounds, it seemed necessary that he should attempt to go, though he should die on the way. Fearful that faintness might overcome his strength, he immediately proceeded on his journey, and in less than an hour was in sight of his home. Since his unfortunate visit to Little Rock, he had not approached it any nearer than the scene of his late struggle. When he now stood within the clearing, astonishment rooted him to the ground. Cattle lowed, pigs grunted, a watch-dog barked, and smoke curled from the chimney. From the half-open door streamed the light of the blazing logs. Ben paused irresolutely; his heart beat with a strange and wild violence; but faintness was creeping over him, and, mustering courage, he staggered towards the door, and having reached it, fell insensible within the walls of his own log-hut.

It was some time ere Ben revived, and then his surprise was still greater than before. The old Pole and his lovely daughter, with two farm-labourers, stood around him.

"Well, my friend," said the Pole, while concluding the dressing of his wounds, "you are come sooner than we expected; but you are right welcome. How come you to be in this terrible state?"

Ben could not reply: his whole faculties were bent upon the lovely being who stood, pale and anxious, waiting his recovery.

"Nay, father," said Emily Duraski, a faint blush illumining her features, "he is not yet strong enough to speak."

"The rifle!—the rifle!" cried Ben at the same moment; "send your men in search of it," and in a few rapid words he explained where it would be found.

Colonel Duraski took note of the directions, and, followed by his two men, leading a horse, hurried himself in search of the valuable instrument. Ben and Emily were left alone. The latter immediately attended to the sufferer's wants, gave him a strong and refreshing cup of tea, made him a meal so comfortable and tempting, and hurried about with a zeal so ready, that it went to the backwoodsman's heart. As he lay on his couch, and gazed upon her as she moved about, her very manner lending a charm to everything, Ben felt that he again saw her who alone could make life in the woods joyous and happy. At length she came and seated herself beside him, having ministered to all his wants.

"How shall I ever thank you," said poor Ben, a deep shade of stern sorrow settling on his face, "for all this gentle kindness—I that deserve nothing?"

"Say not so," replied the girl warmly; "you deserved all when you saved my father from contumely and insult. He was seeking such a farm as this when you met him. But, Mr Ben Smith," continued Emily in the most bewitching and fascinating manner, while a faint colour again flushed across her face, "I abjure

you, in the name of everything that makes me thank you, to be frank, and tell me why you look so miserable?

'My wounds,' began Ben confusedly.

'No—you are too much of a man for that,' said the girl gaily. 'I insist upon your speaking the truth.'

'Lady,' replied Ben gravely, 'I will. I am well aware I shall merit your contempt and scorn. I have seen you but twice, Miss Duraski, and the poor backwoodsman has dared to love where love is hopeless.'

'And that is all?' began the lovely Polish girl with a smile; but, checking herself, she said gravely, 'I thank you for your frankness. I knew, however, before you spoke, that you did feel for me some such silly fancy; and had I not had some idea that my father entertained a wish—that is, had an idea—that—that you might like me—I—' But she could go no farther, for Ben, giving her no time to conclude, seized her hand with a wild stare, so utterly madman-like, as to cause very great alarm for an instant to the young lady.

'Your father had some idea?—I am dreaming—but I am not able to bear this suspense. I cannot. Miss Duraski, if your father accepts me as a son-in-law, what will be your answer when I put the question to you?'

She made no reply: her head was bowed down: the rich crimson rushed in full tide to her cheeks; and then, mastering courage, she said, 'I believe I should prove an obedient daughter.'

Ben jumped up: his wounds were forgotten. It was too much for the huge Arkasaw, however. He attempted not to approach his half-betrothed bride; but after dancing round the room for a minute, burst into a loud and prolonged fit of laughter. A few seconds recalled him to reason; and then, taking the fair girl's hand, he poured forth, in his rough way, such a history of his feelings for the month previous, as made the Polish beauty alternately smile and weep. The borderer's frank and manly bearing made him rise rapidly in her estimation, and when the father returned, they were so deeply engaged in mutual professions of esteem, that they noticed not his entrance. Their proximity, and the girl's hand unresistingly held by the young man, spoke volumes. As they were both taken by surprise, they had presence of mind not to affect concealment. Neither moved.

'Hollo!' cried the colonel; 'you are a pretty sick man, to be sure—in half an hour to wheedle yourself into my child's good graces!'

'Not in half an hour, father,' said Emily, rising and advancing towards him. 'Recollect, for a month past, you have been showing me the great advantages that would accrue to me by becoming mistress of this homestead; and you see I have been mercenary enough to make sure of it at once.'

'So, then, all is arranged?' said the colonel with a laugh.

'Everything but the day,' exclaimed Ben boldly.

'I thank Heaven it is so,' said the Polish exile solemnly: 'I could wish for my child no better fate than to be your wife. I return you your house, and give you the rifle.'

'You will do neither, my dear sir. I have, I think, earned the hundred dollars; and as to the farm, I have a particular desire it should come to me as your daughter's portion.'

The young man was right. He had earned his rifle. A happy and glad some sight were the three that evening—the worthy father, the proud lover, and the girl, discovering each moment in her future husband some new trait that made him worthier in her eyes. They were married; and on the occasion of the wedding, everybody remarked with curiosity that the bride wore a short cloak, lined with a panther's tawny hide. Various were the surmises; but none knew that to the original owner of the skin was perhaps owing the present happy union. It was happy.

In due time Ben was called 'Pa!' at which he laughed until Mrs Emily Smith thought he would never stop.

'Well,' he said, 'my dear wife, I do realise it at last. I am a happy husband, a proud father; and all, my dear sir, addressing the Pole, 'through our bargain about the rifle.'

LANDING AT LISBON.

AFTER an average amount of tossing in 'the bay,' and of contrary winds, and consequent grumbling along the inhospitable coast of Spain, we found ourselves safe in the Tagus, soon after the fall of a February evening. The sweet soft air told us pleasantly of the many leagues we had come in the five days since we took our last look at England. The lights of Belem, a village about two miles below Lisbon, lay in long bright reflections on the smooth river, and a rocket flew hissing up into the dark sky, to announce the arrival of the steamer. Immediately a boat went ashore with the mails, and her majesty's lieutenant in charge of them. A party of Portuguese custom-house officers came on board to watch us; and, despite our impatience, there was nothing to be done but await the morning as quietly as we might.

With daylight all quiet ceased. We proceeded up the river to opposite the custom-house; and from the moment we dropped anchor there, Babel itself could hardly rival the din which pervaded our little vessel. A swarm of noisy Portuguese, from the health-office, custom-house, passport-office, and I cannot tell how many more offices besides, came bustling on board, talking, as is the custom here, at the very top of their voices, poking about in every corner, and putting everybody out of temper. Besides this, we were surrounded by a crowd of queer-looking boats, whose owners were clamouring for passengers; coal barges were alongside, for the steamer takes in coal here; the passengers' luggage was being hoisted on deck; and Spanish peasants, whom we had taken on board at Vigo, and who had lain ever since, huddled under capotes and blankets, in a sort of bivouac round the funnel, nestling together in families, now roused from their lairs, were adding (men, women, and children, all talking at once) no small quota to the general uproar. However, while our ears were tormented with this abominable discord, our eyes were charmed with a scene of uncommon beauty. Lisbon lay before us, shining in the morning light, throned on her seven hills,* surrounded by brilliant verdure, and reflected in a broad mirror of water. Immediately above the city, the Tagus spreads into a lake eight or nine miles in breadth; and across the smooth blue surface were gliding innumerable broad white sails of the country boats. A few merchant vessels of all nations lay immediately around us, and in front was the custom-house—a noble building; and, what is strange in Lisbon, finished. Looking at the white buildings, as they rose pile above pile from the water's edge till they were reflected against the blue sky, it was impossible to fancy that we were admiring the 'dirtiest capital' in Europe, but after-experience has taught us the melancholy truth of the nickname.

At length we were informed that we might go ashore; and without more ado, we were huddled into a large boat. Our luggage went in another; and as we watched its transference to a tribe of half-clothed, savage-looking porters, many were the despairing glances we cast towards it, half doubting the possibility of its coming back in safety to its rightful owners. A few minutes brought us to the quay. Landing would have been pleasant anywhere, but here it was actual enchantment. In front of the custom-house is a broad terrace, laid out as a public garden, and full of the most beautiful flowers, then (February 21) in full blossom. Heliotropes, twelve feet high, covering wide spaces of wall, and literally one mass of purple blossoms; great bunches of calla, with

* Lisbon is said to stand, like Rome, on seven hills. A stranger is apt to fancy them seven hundred, so continual are the ascents and descents in her steep fatiguing streets.

half-a-dozen large white flowers in a group; scarlet geraniums in luxuriant bushes; and many more showy plants, with the bright young leaves of the banana, and the little yellow balls of the mimosa. The delicious fragrance, as well as the beauty of this garden, was delightful. At Lisbon, nobody hurries himself, so we had a good while to wait at the custom-house; but no trouble was given us, and we were allowed to go away after a very slight examination of our luggage. Passing through the building, we found ourselves in a very large and handsome square, with public buildings and colonnades on three sides of it, and a fine quay on the fourth. In the centre is a large bronze equestrian statue, in the style of the last century. Short time, however, had we to admire it; for, with a shout and a rush, down came about a score of ragged, bare-legged porters, each seizing on some article of our baggage, over which they fought and scrambled like dogs over a bone; and for some minutes there was such a ridiculous scene, that we could only stand by, and let them fight it out among themselves. Order was restored at last, and four stout men carried off the prey from the rest of the horde. Taking a carriage from a stand in the square, we set off towards the summit of the city, to a quarter called Buenos Ayres, where we intended to take up our abode. The carriages here are very odd things: a little body, like a cabriolet, perched on excessively high wheels; some with springs, some without, drawn by two strong little horses, or more commonly mules, on one of which rides a tall driver, generally wrapped in a great cloak, and wearing a broad hat, with tufts and tassels flying about it; his legs encased in great boots, with formidable spurs, and his feet appearing as if they must touch the ground. Away we went at a quick pace, up hill and down hill, no matter how steep; the horses half running, half sliding, but by some miraculous dexterity never coming down.

The streets are not generally narrow. The houses are high, commonly painted yellow or red, or faced with blue and white tiles (such as are called Dutch tiles), which produces a pretty effect; cool, and clean, and well suited to the climate. They have all balconies, on which are generally a set of flower-pots, and very often a screaming parrot. The shops have their fronts painted all over with representations of the articles for sale within, sometimes as high as the second floor. Very little is to be seen at their windows, and they are all shabby-looking. The principal trades have each a street to themselves—the goldsmiths, silversmiths, workers in ivory, shoemakers, &c.—which is a convenience to purchasers. There is very little appearance of bustle, and nothing approaching to a crowd in the streets; neither are there the bright colours and gay costumes of a French or Italian town. The universal dress of the women is a dark cloth cloak, and a white handkerchief on the head. The cloak they wear even in summer, averring that it keeps out the heat. The only gaily-dressed person is now and then some dandy muletier, with bright waistcoat, braided jacket, and scarlet sash, with gay housings on his mule. The great number of negroes is a peculiar feature in the street population; they are from Brazil, and particularly the women, are often very picturesque figures. There is a great deal of beauty, of a peculiar style, among the lower orders of women here, which one comes gradually to admire more and more. The men cannot be called a handsome race.

In the streets of Lisbon there is great diversity. That part of the town which was destroyed by the great earthquake was rebuilt on a regular plan; and there the streets are broad and straight. The older ones are much more picturesque, and very ill-built. In the principal thoroughfares there is considerable neatness. The roads are swept, and even now and then watered, and some sort of drainage is effected; but in the older ones prevails the primitive usage of emptying everything out of the windows, so that before every house is a mass of the most disgusting dirt, and a smell which defies description. Day after day the abominations accumulate,

till some heavy rain comes to wash it down the hill-sides. The nuisance is also, in some degree, kept under by a pack of ugly mongrel dogs, which—earless, tailless, and masterless—roam day and night about the streets, feeding on the relics of bones and flesh which lie about—disputing the sovereignty of the place with swarms of cats equally independent, and equally deprived of ears and tails. In some streets at night the dogs are said to be a great annoyance to a solitary passenger, whom they will follow in a pack, like wolves. Now and then in summer, the nuisance becomes unbearable, even to the police: then ensues a massacre, and every dog which cannot give a satisfactory account of himself is put to death without mercy. The dirt of Lisbon, however, is yielding to the march of improvement. No house is now allowed to be built without drains; and old residents declare that the city is purer itself compared with its state twenty years ago. Indeed, judging from the descriptions of it published at that period, the improvement is very striking. There are some streets very well macadamised, in place of the old pavement of sharp stones, and the town is very respectably lighted at night.

The supply of water is abundant enough at this season of the year. The principal stock is brought from about ten miles off, by means of a noble aqueduct, built about a hundred years ago. It is distributed in numerous fountains, round which gather the water-carriers with their barrels. These are a very numerous class, amounting to between three and four thousand men, divided into companies of twenty-five, over each of which is placed a captain. Each man is numbered, and is obliged to wait his turn at the fountains to fill his barrel. The captains have the privilege of taking water whenever they please, without regard to rotation; domestic servants are also allowed to do the same. The water is carried about in small barrels, containing five or six gallons or more, the price of which, when there is no scarcity, is about a halfpenny, as they are cried along the street; but if ordered from the fountain, the cost is double. In summer, occasionally as much as sixpence or eightpence is paid for the same quantity. The supply in the great aqueduct is never completely exhausted; but it sometimes becomes quite inadequate to the wants of the city; and water has to be brought in boats, at great expense and labour, from the other side of the Tagus. The water-carriers are bound to attend at all fires, and render assistance, under the orders of their captains. The moment an alarm of fire is given, notice must be communicated to the nearest church, when the bell is rung a certain number of strokes; the number indicating the parish or quarter where the fire is. The signal is instantly repeated by all the other churches throughout the city; and in a very short time the watermen are on the spot, with the greatest regularity and order. The number of water-carriers, with their long plaintive cry in the streets, is one of the novelties which strikes a stranger on his first arrival in Lisbon.

The vehicles in the streets are of the most original description. Besides the odd cabriolets already described, there are quaint-looking family coaches, such as one sees in pictures of the last century, drawn by four mules, and curiously painted with gay designs; and others, like old English postchaises, perched on high wheels. The only carts are of the very rudest description—rough planks, knocked together like a packing-box, and resting on a broad beam of wood as an axle; the wheels as nearly solid blocks as possible. They are always drawn by oxen; and as the country roads, or rather tracks, are very narrow, the drivers of ox-carts allow the wheels to remain always ungreaed, that the creaking noise may give notice of their approach, and consequently the noise is dreadful. The oxen are large, handsome beasts, not very humanely treated by their drivers.

Buenos Ayres is a pleasant sort of suburb, though there is no interval between it and Lisbon. It is built

on the very top of the hills, overlooking a most beautiful view by land, and also down the Tagna, to the bar and the sea. There are a great many pretty gardens in this quarter; and it was very pleasant to see the golden oranges shining over the walls, and the long hedges of geraniums. In this part live most of the English residents; and there are omnibuses all day long to and from various parts of the city. A most respectable Englishwoman keeps a hotel at Buenos Ayres, where strangers may find perfect cleanliness and comfort.

solid and well adapted to the most improved view of the world.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

STATE OF THE ENGLISH ARMY.

A NEWSPAPER remarks, that the late Indian war shows the English army to be untried by peace, and in an unprecedented state of efficiency. We agree in the fact; but there occurs to us a remark upon it which no one seems to have thought of making. The superior efficiency of the army is, we think, to be attributed in great measure to the improvements which have been effected of late years in the moral state of the classes from whom the army is derived, and to the more humane and just administration of the army itself. We have here a proof that soldiers may be educated, that libraries may be introduced among them, and that the degrading class of their punishments may be nearly done away with, without their being in any degree deteriorated. On the contrary, an improvement appears in that steadiness and fortitude which constitutes their value as soldiers. It is hardly necessary to remark that, if we are right in connecting these circumstances as cause and effect, they possess a deep interest, and ought to weigh much with the public.

THE STRIKE.

The building trades in the heart of western England have lately been holding out for an advance of wages. In one instance, we observe, the object was to rise from 25s. to 37s. a-week; and 26s. was in vain offered by the masters. A strike is nothing, unless there be a force of public opinion on the part of the operatives of the trade generally, to prevent strangers coming in and doing the work. This requires an engine to rouse it and keep it up. Sometimes the force employed is a little more than moral. One way and another, a strike becomes a deplorable scene—men going idle for weeks or months, supported by subsidies from their own hard-tasked class—masters writhing in anger at the derangement of their engagements, and what they call the dictatorial spirit of those usually their servants. On this occasion, the masters have deemed it necessary to form combinations too, with a view to protecting their interests for the future against such inconveniences. In short, a strike such as this of the building trades is a war without actual weapons—we can barely say without its killed and wounded, for many must suffer what perils health and life in the course of these struggles. Some by considerations make the trade-conflict the more distressing; the wages refused in this instance were comparatively not bad (alas! from three to four times those of a Dorset labourer). What causes more to be asked at all, is not an increase of business in the fair course of things, but a mania of speculation, in which we see multitudes of the middle classes seeking to enrich themselves otherwise than by the usual legitimate mode of honest, downright work. A madness of the capitalised in the first place—then the labourer attacking them with a claim upon their fallacious hopes, the blight of which may come to-morrow, throwing wages thirty per cent. down at one blow. What a vexation to think that our civilisation has only as yet brought us to such a point as this!

We cannot help thinking that these and other late circumstances tell that the present arrangements be-

tween employers and employed are assuming an impracticable character. They begin to appear like something which has had its day, and calls for being superseded. We do not at least see how capital is long to endure being exposed to the insecurity in which it now stands, wherever its profitable working requires a multitude of hands. A far-seeing philosopher might also extend his disquisitions to the tendency of capital and labour, when in different hands; to separate the persons, and much longer subsist in an age when so many influences are at work to bring men to an equality; and when, indeed, artificial distinctions may be said to be crumbling to pieces. For such reasons, we indulge no empty bewailings on this subject; we think not of presenting to men in hot blood the barren maxim, that they have a common interest, and ought to agree. We deem it better to acknowledge that, for evils so profound, no superficial remedy will more than temporarily suffice. We would have masters to begin to turn their thoughts to arrangements of a different kind with their men—to arrangements such as those of M. Leclaire of Paris—in which the workers have a certain modified community of interest with the directors of their industry. It will be a startling and perhaps unpleasant idea at first; but is the present arrangement quite an agreeable one? What is now to be done, is to obtain an escape from existing evils—to face one of the inevitable revolutions of society. It must not therefore be expected that all can be smooth and inviting in the new plans. This, however, we thoroughly believe, that were these looked at steadily, and experimented upon with due caution, in the departments of work where they are most pressing called for, the objections would diminish at every step.

THE ABERDEEN SCHOOLS OF INDUSTRY.

A parcel of printed reports which has just reached us from Aberdeen, conveys the pleasing intelligence that the Schools of Industry established in that town for the suppression of juvenile mendicancy and crime continue to be in a flourishing state. Of these schools we gave a detailed account, from personal observation, in No. 98 of the Journal, New Series, published in the course of November last. It is very gratifying to know that the notice we speak of has had the effect of attracting a greater degree of local attention to these useful institutions, and of inspiring a desire elsewhere to establish schools on a similar plan, and for a similar purpose. In the whole course of our labours, we have experienced no higher satisfaction than that which has been derived from repeated announcements of the practical value of that little article. A new satisfaction arises from a perusal of the reports before us. The system, we are told, is working well, and beginning to exercise a marked influence over the statistics of vagrancy, crime, and penal infliction.

The object of these schools, as may be remembered, is to prevent begging and crime by children—vagrancy or begging being observed a mere preliminary to theft, theft leading to burglary or higher offences, and all these crimes sooner or later terminating in imprisonment, transportation, or penal inflictions still more severe. The aim, then, of these institutions is to prevent crime, instead of waiting till it needs to be

described with great care, from M. Leclaire's pamphlet, in No. 91 of present series of the Journal.

In October last, Mr William Chambers came to Aberdeen to inspect the Schools of Industry; and in the number of Chambers's Edinburgh Journal for November following there appeared an account of his visit. Till that time, the Aberdeen Schools of Industry were scarcely known beyond the localities of Guelstrow and Loch Street, where they are situated. Now, since the publication of that number, a knowledge of them is extended to every place where the English language is read; and one consequence of this publicity was the adoption of measures, now about to be carried out, by the citizens of Edinburgh and Glasgow for establishing schools there on a similar principle. — *Edinb. Review* by the Chamber of Management of the Aberdeen School of Industry for Boys, April 1845.

published. The way they go to work, consists in the seizure of every boy or girl found begging or vagrandering within the limits of the police, and conducting them, not to jail, but to a School of Industry, where they are fed, instructed, and caused to work at an easy kind of productive employment. All are sent home at night; but after a little time, the whole attend daily without any compulsion. By this means the streets are effectually cleared of all juvenile beggars and petty offenders. The crop of thieves is cut off ere it attains maturity. Crime is effectually nipped in the bud. From the report of the rural police committee of Aberdeenshire, laid before the commissioners of supply, April 30, it appears that the benefit of the schools is extended over all parts of the adjoining district. A few years ago, the number of juvenile vagrants which infested the county of Aberdeen was between 300 and 400. It was quite common to take up above 300 in the year. In the year, however, ending April 1845, the number had diminished to 105; and in the year ending April 1846, it had sunk to 14. To the activity of the police is, doubtless, owing some of this remarkable diminution; but further, observes the committee, is it owing to the establishment of the admirable Schools of Industry in Aberdeen—food and education having been provided for this unfortunate class, and thus even the shadow of an excuse has been taken away for sending out children to procure subsistence by begging. Your committee desire to draw particular attention to this subject, feeling it to be of the highest importance, because juvenile vagrancy is, they are persuaded, the nursery whence a large proportion both of the crime and the pauperism of after-years is furnished. Doubtless the Schools of Industry more immediately benefit the city of Aberdeen; but as it was from Aberdeen that most of the juvenile vagrants in the county issued, so now the county also is sharing largely in the benefit of these institutions.

Whatever be the merits of the various plans now before the public in respect to the punishment and treatment of criminals, it can admit of no question that institutions such as those we allude to may be rendered important national engines for the general prevention of crime. What can be more sorrowful than the sight of a prison half filled with children, who, having once got into a course of vice, are almost certain not to stop till they endure the higher penalties of the law. That properly-organised Schools of Industry will tend to assuage, if not nearly extirpate, this crying evil, the best evidence is obtained from the reports before us. Let every large town, then, follow the example which has been so admirably set. Let the metropolis, always behind in movements for social advancement, be up and doing in this good work. Already the subject has been sufficiently talked about; the time has come for action. To set about anything of the sort, a little energy on the part of a single influential individual is alone required. In each locality, such an individual will know where to look for funds. He will not wait, and wait, and wait to see if government will lend its helping hand. Government seems to know or care little for first principles, and, besides, has neither power nor inclination to assist in any scheme of this broad and humanising nature. In establishing Industrial Schools, however, for pauper children, the co-operation of the local magistracy and police is extremely desirable: compulsion being a primary means of filling the benches with pupils. It would further be desirable to have a piece of ground in connection with each school, which could be cultivated by the boys able for garden or field labour. Valuable as employment within doors may be, it is much less exhilarating than that in the open air, where the whole influences of nature contribute not only to physical, but also moral improvement. The returns from any species of field labour, we apprehend, would also aid materially in supporting the establishment, and render it less burdensome to the friends by whom it would, in the first place, be maintained.

MERT AND ITS REWARDS

The newspapers announce that Jenny Lind, a singer, is going to St Petersburg, on promise of a salary of fifty thousand francs (£2000) per month. Thomas Carlyle, who writes books that set mankind a-thinking, lives in an obscure house at Chelsea, not realising perhaps £500 a-year by his writings. Fanny Ellier, a dancer, a few weeks ago concluding an engagement at Venice amidst a shower of flowers and jewels, and then had a Cleopatra-like sail on the Grand Canal, with twenty bargefuls of nobility after her, while 'Long live Fanny, the divine artist!' was shouted from the multitude. At the very same time Mr Wilderspin, who has conferred inestimable benefits on mankind by the establishment of infant schools, is announced as sinking into poverty, and in need of a subscription for his relief. A child, called General Tom Thumb, passed through England and other countries of western Europe in 1844-5, realising large sums for his exhibition as a dwarf; the receipts in Edinburgh were, if we recollect rightly, four hundred pounds in one day. At the same time Father Mathew, who has produced, by the labour of a great and good mind, a moral reform unexampled in our age, languished in debt incurred through these exertions, and was only saved from immediate difficulty (not, as we understand, placed in permanent safety) by a collection, hard-wrung, as such collections usually are, from a limited number of persons endowed with an extra share of benevolence, the mass of the public as usual looking calmly on, with their hands in their breeches-pockets. During the same period many men of no particular talent or merit realised fortunes by speculating in the over-sanguine hopes of their fellow-creatures—that is to say, in railway schemes. One man was talked of as having made his twenty thousand pounds—another, fifty—a third a hundred; and there were one or two peculiarly lucky, who bought dual estates with their gains. While this was going on, the public of England were quite content to see the man who, by bold and ingenious calculations and extraordinary energy and perseverance, had given them the unspeakable convenience of penny postage, sit quietly down with a few thousands by way of reward, squeezed as usual out of the over-taxed pockets of the liberal. Everywhere the same inequality is seen. Who are the best-paid authors? Not the demonstrators of important truths, the investigators of profound critical and archaeological questions, the compilers of huge books, that require a lifetime to complete, and on whose usefulness mankind batten ever after; not any of these, but the clever droll fellows who can set forth something to amuse their fellow-citizens—the Linds and Elliers of the pen. What are the money-makers generally, in comparison with those who make no money? Not the shadow of an attempt would now be made to show that, in our economy, there is the slightest relation of proportion between large receipts and merits. It were a mockery of the stand-still principle to ask if such things are to mark our social state for many more ages. It is, however, some consolation in the meantime, that 'Man does not live by bread alone.'

CONTRASTS TO CIVILISATION.

The enormities that may co-exist with a high civilisation, sometimes come upon us with an astounding effect. In March of this year, a witness at an Irish assize—who admitted having been concerned in five murders and many robberies—being asked if he would have murdered another man if he had got into his room, turned a ferocious look upon the interrogating counsel, and answered in a loud and resolute voice, 'I would!' More recently, it was found, at Ballichoyle petty sessions, that a man had been employed to commit a murder for six pounds!

This is our contrast to the British civilisation. As to the American—which, with all drawbacks, is a great civilisation too—see such incidents as the following.

A respectable black man, who had once been a slave in Kentucky, but was allowed by his mistress, who had no use for him, to go to work for his own subsistence in Ohio (a free state), where he had been for about eighteen years, and seems to have regarded himself as a freeman, was, on the 27th of March last, inveigled across a bridge into the slave-holding state, and there manacled and carried off by force. This outrage was committed at the instance of the old lady's heirs, who wished to realise everything in the shape of property to which, through her, they could consider themselves as having any claim. Some weeks after this, a female slave was hanged at New Orleans for having struck her mistress!

LIVONIAN TALES.

THE last part of Mr. Murray's Home and Colonial Library was a group of *Livonian Tales*, by the author of 'Letters from the Baltic.' Before speaking of this particular book, we would record our satisfaction with the general character of the series to which it belongs. Darwin's Voyage of a Naturalist—Lord Mahon's Life of Condé—Borrow's Gipsies in Spain—are the stars of the more recent portion of the series; but all are good. When we regard this 'Library'—first-rate books, all of them copyright, many of them quite new, at half-a-crown each; and further look to Messrs Chapman and Hall's Monthly Series, Mr Bonn's Standard Library, and Messrs Tilt and Bogue's European Library, all of which are composed of excellent books at similar prices, we cannot but congratulate the public on the revolution of which these are the symptoms. Publishers are now looking to the many, and not to the few, as was the case twenty years ago. There must consequently be a many to look to. Verily, rational readers must now be as ten to one of what they were.

The 'Letters from the Baltic'—so full of fresh, animated description, so thoughtful, yet so feminine—together with the consideration that the Baltic provinces of Russia are totally new ground to the English fiction-monger—gave us good expectations of the *Livonian Tales*. We expected to find them interesting from various causes, independent of skill in tale-telling; and they really are so, although in a great measure it is a painful interest which invests them. The fact is, that the author has to deal with the subjects of a heavily oppressive government, and a people whose social state is consequently wretched. Her hero and heroine—barely conceivable beings—move amongst the brutal instruments of a central tyranny and a popular mass whose only refuge from misery seems to be that hardened insensibility which makes man a beast. *The Jewess*, the tale second in point of length, illustrates the vexations arising from the severe taxing system of Russia, and the contraband trade to which it gives rise. *The Disponent*, which is the longest story, exhibits the local oppressions exercised by what we would call the factor or land-steward upon an estate. Both pictures are enough to make the blood boil. We lately heard of the peasantry of Galicia rising upon the gentry, and massacring them. It seemed a wild, unaccountable affair; but let the reader look over 'The Disponent,' and he will understand the whole matter at once. The fact is, that the selfishness of the superior class tramples on every good feeling in the lower, until the patience of even a brutified human nature is exhausted. Vengeance is then stored up, and it depends only on opportunity at what time it is to break forth. But how should it be otherwise? No humble class ever yet was unruled or sanguinary in fair circumstances. The fact of a gentry destroyed en masse, as was that of Galicia lately, demonstrates that due provocation had been given. Our difficulties with such subjects arise from our attention being suddenly drawn to the vengeful outbreak, while ignorant or inconsiderate of the ages of heartless insolence, extortion, and contumely which preceded it. The class truly entitled to think shame of all such affairs as this same massacre—or, to take a stronger

instance, the violence of the French revolution—is the class which suffers by them.

We must not, however, distress our readers on this occasion by any sample of the miseries to which the Lethian peasantry are subject. Rather let us look to some of the brighter passages of the volume. The hero of 'The Disponent' is a noble young peasant called Mart, who has obtained the affections of a pretty young creature, Anno, previously sought by the Disponent himself, the steward on the estate, and a concentration of all possible bad qualities. The wedding has taken place, and they are driving home in the bridegroom's cart, amidst a procession of other carts, filled by the Brautwerber or best man, the Marshals, who are assistants to the best man, and other friends. There is a fine joyful, youthful feeling in the subsequent transactions. The Marshals were anxious to exercise their privileges—namely, that of making every other vehicle on the road turn off for them. The first they met were humble peasants like themselves, who were as willing to observe the custom as they were to exact it, and who drew off immediately to the side, and waved their caps as the party passed. A verger or two further on, however, a private barouche was seen approaching—four spirited horses full in the middle of the road, as if they would run down all that opposed them—a long-bearded coachman on the box, as firm and immovable as the engine on a steam-carriage. Now was the time for asserting their rights! The Brautwerber—timid man—was all for relinquishing them; but the Marshals had warmer blood in their veins. They knew well enough what it was to turn off for their haughty masters—to stick in the road-side mud, or struggle in the road-side drift, while the baron's carriage rolled by without yielding an inch—not to make the most of such a rare opportunity for retaliation. Pulling and chucking, therefore, at their little horses, which, from the force of habit, had already begun to turn their heads patiently aside; they drew them close together; and, supported immediately behind by Mart himself, who, in his turn, encouraged the procession to keep their places, they presented a firm phalanx. On came the four horses, sweeping along; the coachman started into life, shook the whip which hung upon his wrist, and discharged a mouthful of Russian oaths at the body. A concussion now seemed inevitable, when a broad good-humoured face leant forward from the barouche, saw the state of the case in a moment, and discharged a very similar volley at the coachman in return. The carriage instantly swerved to one side. This was quite enough. Every cap flew off, every face expanded, and there was not one of the party who would not have been willing to drive their carts into a ditch for that same good-humoured face another time!

After a similar rencontre with the droschky of the Disponent, the party arrived in high spirits at Mart's little farm. The cart stopped at the low wide door, which was crowded with guests awaiting their arrival. The Marshals, elated with their late successes, were all on the alert to fulfil their parts. The gloves, suspended to the shafts, which are supposed to bring good-luck to whoever reaches them first, were eagerly snatched; the bride was lifted from the cart at one bound on to a sheepskin extended before the door, to signify that the way through life was henceforth to be soft to her feet—a type, alas! to which there is no reality, at least not under a Russian government; the Brautwerber strewed corn before her, in emblem that abundance was to follow her to her new home; and thus she was carried, in noisy triumph, over her husband's threshold. There, surrounded by the women who had remained behind, and propped in a rude high-backed chair, sat Lisa, Mart's grandmother, ready to receive the new-comer.

This was their first meeting, and the old dame threw a searching and a solemn glance on the slight girl, in whom she saw at once the maiden her grandson had wooed, the bride he had betrothed, and the wife he had married. Anno bent involuntarily before her; and not

a word was exchanged, as, slowly rising and coming forward, the old woman took a high stiff cap, made of white silk, and placed it on Anno's pretty head. Voices had been loud, and faces merry, but all were now hushed and serious; for this simple ceremony went to everybody's heart.

"The meeting between youth and age is at all times a touching sight and an impressive lesson, telling us what the one has been and the other must become. The very difference between them disposes the mind to reverse more than to compare—to put the aged back and the youthful forward. Anno's head trembled with girlish timidity, old Lise's shook with infirm age; yet both were only separated by that time which time itself would unite.

"When the cap had been slowly adjusted, the grandmother again gave a glance at Anno, and in a shrill distinct voice repeated this ancient form of words which belongs to the ceremony—"Forget thy sleep—remember thy youth—love thy husband;" accompanying each sentence with a slight stroke of Anno's cheek. Then turning to Mart, "Ah, my son—my son! you are a good man. You have chosen a beautiful wife; I know she will be a happy one." Then addressing Anno, "He has been always good to an old grandmother; will he not be good to a young wife? I hope you are worthy of him!"

"Grandmother—pai (good) grandmother!" said Mart in a tone of expostulation; but Anno stood upright with modest self-possession, and taking Mart's great brown hand in hers, she kissed it with wifely reverence. Then going round to all her new relations and guests, she begged their affection, as is the custom, and kissed their hands—not even the Brautwerber's little puny boy of three years old was omitted. And Mart's eyes followed the movements of that new white cap with exultation, for he felt that the face beneath it must win all hearts. Finally, she patted old Karria Pals [Mart's dog], which sat gravely by the grandmother's side, looking on, and which lifted his broad forehead under the pressure of her hand, and raised his large gentle eyes to her with as affectionate a look of welcome as any she had received. Then, placing herself next Lise's chair, she quietly stooped for a little wooden footstool which had been pushed away, and placed it beneath the old woman's feet, as if, by this simple action, to show that her course of filial service was begun.

"In the estimation of most present, especially of the women, the placing of the cap was by far the most important ceremony that had occurred; and certainly Anno's own feelings inclined that way. She had listened to the exhortation at her betrothal with awe, and received the marriage benediction with wonder; but there was something more than both in the touch of that aged hand on her cheek, and in the pressure of the cap on her brow, which made her feel that now indeed she was a wife.

A substantial meal was then served, and the guests dispersed for a while, only to assemble again at a later hour to renew the festivities. 'It was altogether a pretty scene. The sun had begun to decline from its long-held height in the heavens, and the sloping shadows of the trees fell over the long straight roof and low walls, and played and quivered among the crowd assembled at the door; which, with the bright costumes of the women, the dull coarse garments of the men, and the uncouth figures and faces of too many of them, together with the rough benches and tables, and picturesque wooden vessels scattered around, looked like some northern Ostade's village-feast.

"The Brautwerber now came forward, and taking a small parcel from his pocket, shook out what might at first sight have been safely taken for some variety of national flag, but which the ladies present instantly recognised to be the newest and most fashionable description of apron. Then diving for Anno, who was ensconced behind everybody else, he brought her forward, and with some pretended, and quite sufficient real awkwardness, succeeded in tying it up round her

short but slender waist. Then the Marshals came up; each took a corner of the apron; and, examining it attentively, shook his head, and said, "This is not a good apron."

"What ails it?" inquired the Brautwerber.

"It's an old rag," they answered. "There's a hole in it."

"Perhaps this will mend it?" rejoined the Brautwerber, and threw in a silver half-rouble.

"That's a good beginning, but it will want more yet. Hold tight, Anno," and they each threw in a silver coin, declaring that the hole was bigger than they had thought, and that it would take a good deal to stop it. Then the guests in turn drew near, and flung in their offerings, which fell heavy or light, according to the means of the giver. Long the little silver shower continued, while Anno stood and bent her head gracefully, and whispered, "Olgé teris!"—"Thank you!"—as each coin fell.

"The Marshals now again approached, and declared there were several more holes they had not observed at first—great ones—and again each cast a mite into the growing treasury. Their example was followed with increased alacrity. In vain Anno repeated, "Olgé teris!" and Mart interposed with "Küll, küll; es küll!"—"Enough, enough; quite enough!"—the gifts continued. The fulness of the bride's apron is as much the test of the popularity of the bridegroom as of her own; and Mart's warm heart and strong arm had rendered too many services to his neighbours not to be required on such an occasion as this, when all purse-strings are supposed to hang very loose.

"Nor were their donations confined to the coin of the realm. A hank of fine white wool was thrown in by one hand, and a bunch of shining flax by another; then a roll of stout homespun linen, and a piece of coarse woollen cloth, and ribbons, and woollen gloves, and a little bit of coarse lace, and various other articles of female use or luxury. Then a measure of fresh eggs was placed down on one side of her, and a small tub of salt butter, for winter luxury, at the other; and suddenly a new spinning-wheel appeared in front; and a crazy old basket, out of which peeped several chickens' heads; and lastly, a tottering calf was driven up, till Anno was fairly surrounded with objects of household wealth, and stood in the midst like the goddess of abundance. Then more and more was heaped upon the apron, till either the bride's arms or the apron-strings seemed in danger of giving way; and at last the Marshals pronounced it to be fairly mended, and not a hole more discernible.

"But now old Lise hobbled forward, and, with her wrinkled face lighted up with a cheerful, pleasant expression, turned to the Marshals, and told them they were young men, but still they were very blind; that even her old eyes could see another great hole, and one which only her offering could repair.

"Daughter," she said to Anno, "all your presents are very beautiful, and your neighbours have made you very rich; but there is nothing in all they have given you which can mend the holes of human life like this. The time may come when you have nothing left to you of all your worldly goods, but even then, with the blessing of the Lord, you shall find this enough." So saying, she drew forth a Lettish Testament, which looked as if it had had the care and wear of many a year, and laid it topmost on the heap.

"Now the apron was actually in danger, and how its contents were not all spilled, was really a wonder; for Anno's arms were in a moment round the old woman's neck; but Mart's ready hand had seized the load, and, untying it from Anno's waist, he stood holding it in her stead, and looked on with glistening eyes.

All this appears to us eminently beautiful. We have room for only another characteristic scene, but it is of a very different complexion. In the midst of a severe winter of famine, and still more distressing vexations from the oppressor, Mart was one evening cowering

home through the wood in his sledge, when he was beset by wolves. The track, deep between accumulations of high snow, gave only just sufficient width for the little horse and sledge. Mart's eyes were closed, and his senses heavy with weariness; nevertheless he soon began to be aware that the animal was quickening its pace unwontedly; again it jerked forward—quicker still—and a low neighing sound of terror effectually roused the drowsy man. He looked in front: all was as usual—a wild scanty forest, standing knee-deep in a bed of snow—the narrow trough of a track winding through it—here and there pyramids of snow, which showed the huge ant-hills of the country—the heavens bright—the earth white—not a living object but the horse before him. He looked behind: the scene was just the same—white snow and leafless trees, and a winding track; but close to the sledge were three dark gaunt animals, heavily galloping, and another was fast gaining behind. The jaws of the foremost, with the lowness of the sledge, were within reach of Mart's shoulder. He cared not for that; he knew that it was his horse they wanted first; and saw in an instant that all depended on the animal's courage more than on his own. If the frightened creature could have the nerve to keep steady in the track, the chances were much in its favour; for the moment the wolves turned off, in order to pass and get ahead of it, the depth of the snow diminished their speed: but should the horse, in its terror, plunge aside and flounder in the snow, Mart knew that it would be lost. He leaned forward, called the animal cheerfully by its name, and laid his hand on its back as he was often wont to do in times of fatigue or difficulty; the poor beast knew the kind voice and hand, raised its ears, which were laid flat back with terror, and fell into an even pace.

Mart shouted violently; but the wolves were either too keen or too many—it made no impression. It was an awful time both for master and horse. Mart kept his hand on the animal, while his eye watched the ferocious brutes, which were often within arm's length. He had a hatchet, which he always carried on these occasions, to chop the frozen fish; he felt for it, and grasped it in his hand, but forbore to use it; for the closer the wolves kept at the back of the sledge, the less were they seen by the horse. Every minute, however, one or more of them broke out of the track in the attempt to pass; and although they instantly lost footing in the snow, yet the unblinking eyes of the little animal had caught sight of the dreaded foe, and a plunge forward made Mart turn his eyes with anxiety to see that it kept straight in the narrow track.

One of the wolves was more than usually huge and long-limbed, and more than once it had contrived, in spite of the deep snow, to advance nearer abreast of the sledge than any of its companions. Upon this grim creature Mart more especially kept watch, and caught the green light which played from its eyeballs. It turned off again—the snow lay flatter for a space—the wolf kept its footing—it gained, for their pace is enormous—the little horse's eye glared round at it. Mart withdrew his hand, wet with the animal's perspiration; the wolf was just beyond arm's reach, but he kept his hatchet in readiness. The horse was now in desperate gallop, and the wolf just abreast—it suddenly turned sharp towards it—now was Mart's time. He dealt a tremendous blow. The wolf avoided it, but stumbled in the snow, and in a moment was yards behind.

The distance from home was now quickly shortening beneath the horse's hoofs, which continued to carry the sledge at full gallop, till the fear of an overturn became a source of fresh anxiety. Mart was quite aware by this time that these were no common lazy wolves he had to deal with, but sharp-set, determined brutes, to which man or beast would be alike welcome. These were not the animals to be deterred by the signs of man's dwelling, as is usually the case, and there was an ugly worst of wide open space between the outskirts of

the forest and his house, which he looked to with real apprehension.

They were now at the very edge of the wood—the road became open—the wolves gained on each side—the horse bounded furiously forward; caught the sledge against the stump of a tree—it overturned—was swept away at a tremendous pace, and Mart was left alone in the snow. In a moment a heavy claw had slit the throat, and down the front of his sheepskin: it was well Anno's wrappers lay so thick beneath. He threw off the brute, and rose. His hatchet had been jerked out of his hand in the fall: he cast a desperate glance around, but saw it not. The horse was now almost out of sight; two of the wolves were close to the defenceless man; and the two others, deserting the animal, were bounding back to him. Mart faced the foremost; he could do no more; and in an instant was surrounded.

The arrival of the horse roused the women, and the moment the door was opened Karria Pois rushed forth, led by his kindly instinct. Anno flew wildly after him. To resume the narrative: Mart knew what it was to put forth his strength in games and wrestling-matches, and it was such as, shoulder to shoulder, and muscle to muscle, few could withstand. But it was as nothing now against the heavy weight, the vice-like teeth, the rending grasp that held him down on every side. For a few seconds the desperate violence of a man to whom life is sweet, and such a death most horrible, shook off the pitiless assailants; but his own blood had dyed the snow, and the sight of it seemed to turn ferocity into fury. The bloodhounds closed again upon him—they pulled him down!

People say there is no time to think in sudden dangers: they have never known one. There are more thoughts struck from the mind in one moment's collision with sudden and desperate peril than in days of fearless security. The sweets of this earth—the home that lay so near—the mystery of Heaven, swept over poor Mart's mind; nay, even particulars found time to intrude. He thought how Anno and Liso would watch through the night—how his mangled remains would tell all in the morning—Anno's despair—the village lament. He thought of all this, and more, and knew himself in the jaws of hungry wolves! Then those foul lurid eyes glared over him; the tightening of the throat followed, and thinking was over. Still he struggled to release his arms—the grasp on the throat was suffocating him—his senses reeled—when, on a sudden, dash came another animal hard-breathing along; threw itself into the midst with one sharp howl, and fastened upon the chief assailant. The wolves relaxed their fury for an instant; Mart reeled giddily to his feet, and recognised his brave dog. For a second he stood stunned and bewildered; when he saw one wolf retreating, and all three attacking the dauntless Karria Pois. He turned to help him, and a bright object caught his eye; it was his hatchet lying on the snow within arm's length of his last struggle. Mart snatched it up, and was now himself again. Blood was dripping from him, but his limbs were uninjured, and furious were the strokes he dealt.

One wolf soon lay dead at his feet; the other cowed and retreated, spilling its blood as it went, and held off, skulking round; and now Mart poured his whole fury on the great monster which held Karria Pois in as stifling a grasp as he had done his master. It was no easy task to release the dog. The hatchet rung on the wolf's skull, rattled on his ribs, and laid bare the gaunt backbone; but the dog's own body interrupted any mortal wound, and the wolf seemed to feel no other. Poor Karria Pois's case was desperate; his legs were all drawn together, protecting the very parts he sought to wound, when suddenly he stretched himself out with some fresh agony, and the hatchet was buried deep in the wolf's throat. Many more fierce strokes were needed before life was extinct; and as Mart rose, a hand on his shoulder startled him, and his wife fell on his bosom.

"Mart!"

"Anno!" barked old doidie, peered and bawled out
 "Long did the young couple stand in speechless em-
 brace; but the weaker supported the stronger; for
 Mart's main nerve was gone, and he leant on Anno
 like a strengthless child."

We challenge but one point in the taste and feeling
 of this book—the frequent intrusion of the author's
 religious views. The appearance, in a fiction, of any
 strong bent of mind on the part of the author, always
 has a pedantic and unpleasant effect; but it is peculiarly
 disagreeable in this instance, as our author's religious
 feelings happen to be of a somewhat intolerant kind,
 and her notions of the Divine government of the world
 far below the standard of what constitutes now-a-days
 a very respectable degree of orthodoxy. We might pass
 so doubtful an opinion, as that the peasant's superstition
 forbidding him to kill a wolf is a better feeling than the
 love of gain, which is tempted to do so by a reward from
 the government. But when we find almost every mi-
 nute circumstance of an alleviatory kind in the lives of
 this poor peasantry represented as an immediate result
 of prayer; when we find the accidental death of the dis-
 ponent, after a winter of horrors, and the suicide of one
 of the sufferers, attributed to an interference of God;
 when we find the existence of carnivorous animals as-
 cribed to the existence of sin, all rationality is outraged,
 and we only can wonder that a really clever and highly-
 educated person can, in this country, contrive to be in
 a state of ignorance so profound.

THE PICTURE GALLERY AT DULWICH.

Yours business, reader, (and we speak to those who
 make pleasure their business, as well as to those
 whose time is occupied with graver matter), will not
 take it amiss if you leave that smoky bustling city of
 London for one afternoon this summer, and betake
 yourself to the little village of Dulwich, some four or
 five miles south of the centre of civilisation—St Paul's.
 There you may solace yourself with one of those collec-
 tions of canvas upon which the painters have spread
 their magic colours for the admiration and delight of
 all countries and all times. You will find about 360
 pictures well-housed and well-hung, of which some are
 worthiness in every point of view, and some are for the
 study of the artist merely, while others are exquisite
 gems of art. The collection is freely open to the public
 every day during the week except Friday, but the visi-
 tor must take care to procure tickets in London. Most
 of the respectable printers have them to distribute,
 and they are to be had for the asking.

The history of the collection is somewhat curious.
 The following account we abridge from Mrs Jameson's
 'Handbook to the Public Galleries in and near London';
 a work which we cordially recommend to all who would
 improve their acquaintance with art. Towards the end
 of the last century, a Mr Noel Desenfans resided in Eng-
 land as consul to the last king of Poland, Stanislaus II.
 When the French Revolution threw a large number of
 estimable pictures into the market, he was employed by
 the king to purchase such of a superior class as could be
 obtained without paying extravagantly for them. The
 dethronement of the king took place after a considerable
 number of paintings had been got together for him;
 nevertheless Mr Desenfans went on collecting until
 Stanislaus died, when there was an end to all hope of
 remuneration from that quarter, and he found himself
 burdened with a gallery of pictures, in the purchase of
 which a large sum of money had been expended. The
 Emperor Paul of Russia, who obtained the greatest part
 of the Polish dominions, was then applied to; but before
 any answer was received, war broke out, and Desenfans
 determined to offer them for sale in England. A few of
 the best were sold, but the others remained in the col-
 lector's possession until his death, when he bequeathed
 them to Sir Francis Bourgeois, an artist of Swiss ex-
 traction, with whom he had early formed an intimate

friendship. Sir Francis died in 1811, leaving the whole
 of his collection, numbering 354 pictures, to Dulwich
 college, for the use of the public, together with L.10,000
 to erect and keep in repair a building for their recep-
 tion, and L.2000 to provide for the care of the paintings.
 Sir John Soane designed a gallery of five rooms, lighted
 from above; and in 1812 the public were admitted for
 the first time. This is the gallery into which we usher
 our readers.

We are told of a dejected prince in one of Ford's
 plays, that what he took most delight in were 'hand-
 some pictures.' Hazlitt, another sombre mind, has
 said, 'Pictures are scattered like stray gifts through
 the world, and while they remain, earth has yet a little
 gilding left, not quite rubbed out, dishonoured, and de-
 faced.' If, then, paintings are capable of yielding plea-
 sure to melancholy temperaments, much more are they
 calculated to impart enjoyment to those of cheerful
 constitution; that is, assuming that these latter have a
 relish for pictorial representations. If our readers have
 not yet been to the Dulwich Gallery, we intreat them
 to pay it an early visit, and we can promise them a rich
 treat. We will now precede them, and take the liberty
 of pointing out some of the works of art that seem to
 us most deserving attention. The paintings are placed
 on the walls without reference to school or subject. Only
 the size of the canvas has been attended to; and in a
 small gallery there is no objection to such an arrange-
 ment. In making the following remarks, however, we
 have thought it best to divide the paintings into four
 classes; namely, portraits, scriptural, landscapes, and
 miscellaneous.

Next to seeing a person with our own eyes as he
 lived and moved in flesh and blood, is the viewing his
 'counterfeit presentment' by some cunning painter.
 Kings that laid down their sceptres before we were
 born, generals who are now as senseless as any of the
 corpses that strewed their battle-fields, beauties who
 bloomed long enough since to be the great-grand-
 mammas of those that stood in that relation to ourselves,
 and the poets that celebrated, or might have celebrated,
 in flattering verse these ancient beauties, are still visible
 to us by the aid of 'this so potent art; and we seem
 to know them all as well, nay better, than if they had
 lived in our time or we in theirs. It will help us to
 animate these mimic figures, if we consider that when
 this mixture of oil and pigment was distributed over
 the canvas, the living personages were actually present.
 They were then and there represented on the retina of
 the painter's eye whilst he transferred the image to the
 cloth; and now standing before his production, we may
 almost cheat ourselves into the notion that the man is
 yet alive, and we at liberty to read his features without
 reproach. Look at this portrait of a Spaniard, by a
 countryman (No. 309). How life-like, how nobly does
 Philip IV. stand before us in his slashed and em-
 broidered dress of scarlet, plumed hat, and truncheon!
 Could anything be more vivid to our senses, or more
 royal to our imagination, than this work of Velasquez's
 pencil? Here, again, is another king (No. 2); by whom
 the French call their Great Monarch, and who is said to
 have been the handsomest man in his kingdom, as cer-
 tainly he was one of the most profligate. This was that
 Louis XIV. who slaughtered thousands of men, merely
 to gratify his passion for what history has falsely called
 glory—who savagely sacked foreign cities, and then
 celebrated *Te Deums* in his own churches. Turn next to
 (No. 187) Marie de Medicis, the wife of another French
 king, Henry IV., who fell beneath a fanatic's knife just
 when he was about setting off on a great war. This
 lady was of the famous Florentine family, by whose
 name she is generally known. Her son, Louis XIII.,
 treated her cruelly, and she died in great poverty at
 Cologne in 1642. She was a patroness of Rubens, upon
 whom she called to feed her vanity, by procuring him
 to paint a series of pictures representing the principal
 events in her life. We must not forget that she was
 the mother of an English queen, Henrietta Maria, wife

of Charles L. No. 214 is an English nobleman, Philip, fourth Earl of Pembroke, whom Walpole calls 'that memorable simpleton'—usually styled, says Echard, 'the mad earl.' It is not one of Vandyke's finest paintings; there is a better one of the same person at Wilton, in which he is clad in armour. In this his plentiful hair is in disorder, and he is wrapped in a voluminous brown mantle. You would not gather his disgraceful history from his face, nor yet perhaps his noble lineage. He was the nephew of Sir Philip Sidney, and the son of a lady whose lot it was to have more honour showered upon her by the poets than probably ever fell on any damoasel of ancient or modern times. Sir Philip dedicated his *Arcadia* to her; Spenser inscribed one of the sonnets which stand in the vestibule of the Faery Queen to her ladyship; and Ben Jonson wrote her epitaph. It was his brother William to whom Shakespeare is supposed to have addressed many of his mysterious sonnets. His second wife was that high-souled lady of the north, Anne Clifford, who has confessed, in her autobiography, that the marble pillars of Wilton were to her oftentimes but the gay arbours of anguish. A portrait of his first wife, a Vere of the Oxford family, hangs here (No. 134). She is habited in a rich attire, but perhaps it covered an aching heart. In looking over the portraits in a picture gallery, we often arrive at an interesting one which exhibits a person as to whose name the catalogue is silent. How strongly, in such cases, are we reminded of the couplet in the epistle addressed by a poet to a painter—

Alas! how little from the grave we claim—
Thou but preserv'st a face, and I a name!

Here is one of the finest portraits Vandyke ever painted (No. 218); rich in colour, beautifully finished, and as lifelike as you can hope to see an image on canvas. Clad in armour elaborately ornamented with gold, his hand upon his sword, aristocratic in bearing, he is, after all, but 'a man of rank'; for as to more specific title, nothing certain is known. Yet we durst wager a small sum that he was one who acted in his day in some swelling scenes where a kingdom was the stage; and, by the malignant cunning of that swarthy countenance, we judge he had some enemies. Compare Lord Pembroke's picture with this, and you will see how variously the same hand could work. They are as different as prose and poetry. Turn we from those whose stage was a kingdom to those whose kingdom was on the stage. Here we have Mrs Siddons as the Tragic Muse, a celebrated painting of Sir Joshua. But, goodness! did the Muses, tragic or comic, ever wear those frowncd and furbelowed dresses, or paste their hair up like that? We hope they never condescended, as sublimar actresses must, to wear our strange fashions. We can scarcely forbear smiling to see even an acted muse in an exploded mode (fancy Apollo in a wig and unmentionables); yet there is a majesty in the attitude and a fire in the eyes that ought to repress the weakness. Her distinguished brother, John Kemble, whom Sir Thomas Lawrence painted in Hamlet, is here represented by Sir William Beechey in his usual dress. The face is very capably done; it is full of intelligence. We have also portraits of several painters. Sir Joshua Reynolds by himself, Wouvermans, Sir Francis Bourgeois (the public's benefactor), Opie, and others. Don't omit to look at this head by Lawrence. 'So pleasing and refined in the simplicity of nature, so true in the colouring, so careful in the execution, that perhaps few of Lawrence's more celebrated pictures might bear a comparison with it.' So says Mrs Jameson of a portrait of William Linley (not numbered in the catalogue), and all who see it must join in her praises. The delicious freshness of the English complexion (the envy of our continental neighbours) is most faintly represented. One more, and we have done with the portraits. It is a Painter's Mother by her son (No. 355). Rubens has placed the old lady in her arm-chair, and you see that she has been reading. It is a striking instance of Sir

Peter's versatility of talent; one might think that his whole life had been employed in painting portraits. Lawrence himself could not have done the hands better. One of the most vivid portraits we ever saw is by Rubens. It represents a Dutch burgomaster, and hangs beside some of his splendid works in the gallery at Antwerp.

We are now in the farthest room of the gallery, and we shall be struck with the fine pictures on religious subjects which it contains. At the end of the room hangs 'the heavenly beauty' of Guido's St Sebastian. The saint lived in the persecuting times of the Emperor Dioclesian, and was condemned to be shot with arrows on account of his adherence to the true faith. Having undergone this cruel sentence, he was left for dead. Some Christian women passing by, found that life was not entirely extinct, and they succeeded in restoring him; but he was afterwards discovered, and suffered a second martyrdom by stoning. He is here represented of a life size, bound to a tree, with an arrow in his side. The expression of the countenance, upturned to the heavens, as if imploring relief from his anguish, is very grand. Another large work of the same painter is (No. 331) St John the Baptist preaching in the Wilderness. He is a young man, holding a slender crucifix in his right hand, and addressing persons in front, who are not seen. The colouring is thought to be not in Guido's best manner; nevertheless, it is a very fine painting. Close by is a picture of the Spanish school, of which we have so few specimens in this country; our Saviour, in mean attire, appears to bend under the weight of his cross, whilst some of those who had profited by his instruction are compelled to witness their great master's degradation with troubled countenances. 'The whole picture is conceived with great simplicity, and is full of grand and solemn feeling.' It may be contrasted on one side with an early specimen of the Italian school (No. 327), representing the Holy Family; and on the other with a later picture of the same school, the latter being a cardinal in the act of blessing a person kneeling before him. Both of these are excellent pictures; the second, by Paul Veronese, is uncommonly rich in colour. On the opposite wall of the room is a very famous painting by Murillo, representing the Virgin and her Son throned on clouds. It is usually known as the *Madonna del Rosario*. The rich glow of colour, as if the figures were illuminated by a beauteous light 'that never was on land or sea,' the serenity of the mother's countenance, and the union of the divine and human natures in that of the infant, cannot be expressed in words. There is a little picture, by Carlo Dolci, of the *Mater Dolorosa*, a head, on which are white and black hoods, and then a crown of thorns. The delicate hues, the sweet expression, the transparent tear on the cheek, are exquisite; and we may say of it what Haydon has said of another picture, that 'it does not seem painted, but, as it were, spread upon the canvas by an angel's breath.' In the next room look at Nos. 277 and 267; they will give the visitor a tolerable notion of the manner of the Milanese school, of which Leonardo da Vinci was the head. It is ill represented in England, and that is one reason why we point to these two little pictures. There is an excellent specimen in the National Gallery—Christ disputing with the Doctors—attributed, but it is believed erroneously, to Leonardo himself; and there is a Holy Family, attributed to the same painter, in the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge. No. 179, Jacob's Dream, by Rembrandt, is a picture that has excited much admiration. It is sublime beyond expression, says Haydon; and Haslitt remarks that 'it is more like a dream than any other picture that ever was painted. The figure of Jacob himself is thrown in one corner of the picture like a bundle of clothes, while the angels hover above the darkness in the shape of airy wings.' Nos. 124 and 135 are two brilliant pictures by Vandyke, but they almost make us wish that he had let this kind of subject alone, and stuck to his portrait-painting, in which he has very

few rivals. The first, named Charity, is a beautiful female surrounded by children; and the other is a Madonna. Of both of them Vandyke painted several copies, to adorn the galleries of our nobility. These pictures catch the attention the moment you enter the room; the colours are harmoniously blended; the flesh tints highly natural and beautiful; yet there is a want of devotional feeling that ought to be there, some little affectation in the attitudes, and a modern, to-day look about both. Vandyke, like most painters since his time, could not or would not idealise his models. What was before him, he painted, and that excellently; but apparently he had not the power, equivalent to the dramatic power of the poet, of expressing the sublimer feelings of humanity, or of giving us a conception of a superior nature. We never see in his paintings the heavenly grace, the subdued gladness, the submissive grief of Raphael's madonnas and saints. He has never raised us into the privacy of glorious light, to which Murillo, in his Madonna del Rosario, has reverently given us access. He has never shown us the pathetic countenance of a suffering, interesting saint, like Guido in his Sebastian. Amongst the landscapes, those by Cuyper are conspicuous, and there are several very good ones. He has been called the Dutch Claude. It is a pity there are here no undoubted, at any rate no good Italian Claudes to compare him with. He was fond of depicting a sunny afternoon; a long stretch of flat landscape, with church steeples and windmills here and there crossing the horizon; a few trees, and a piece of water: these are his favourite subjects, and he always contrives to represent them with such truth to nature, that notwithstanding his sameness of style, they are very delightful. Look at No. 169. The sun is on the point of setting, and the whole atmosphere seems saturated in a warm, rich light, like a sponge with water. Then cast your eyes on its near neighbour (No. 163), which seems to us the finest Cuyper in the gallery, though some prefer the other one. How cool and clear the air, and how vividly are the shepherds, their flock and dog, the woman in the blue dress, and the man on his mule, depicted! Who does not wish that distant cottage under its sheltering hill were his?

'What lovelier home could gentle fancy choose?'

In No. 239, we have another soft sunny evening admirably pictured; and the visitor may also look at Nos. 9, 83, 141, 192, and 248. Ruysdael paints in quite another style. Nos. 154, 241, and 245, will show that he prefers woods and sparkling waterfalls, and deep green foliage, to the airy openness of Cuyper. With these, Hobbema's pictures (Nos. 131 and 201) may be contrasted: a mill, some cottages and trees by the side of water, compose the first of these, which is painted in a clear style, and with a minute exactness, as if Canaletto had been trying his hand in the country. There are two pretty little landscapes of Jan Both, another Dutch painter (Nos. 199 and 205); and three Berghem's (Nos. 160, 200, and 209), a painter who showed a decided partiality for woody scenes. Wouvermans, so celebrated for his halts of travellers, hunting scenes, &c. has contributed several paintings, most of which have that eternal white horse which Wouvermans gives in as many characters as the high-mettled reer used to act in days gone by at Astley's amphitheatre. Nos. 93 and 228 are particularly fine: in both of them the white horse is doing duty in a cart. Pynaeker has contributed two paintings (Nos. 180 and 180), the latter a small but striking work. A bridge is seen to cross a dark stream, and against the bright sky the figures of men and cattle upon the bridge stand out in bold relief. Beyond are

'Far off mountains turned into clouds.'

Two landscapes by Teniers should be inspected. No. 116, a winter scene, with preparations going on for an attack upon an offending animal; and (No. 139) a large landscape, in which his own chateau in Belgium is introduced. Watteau's pair of pictures (Nos. 197 and 200)

should be glanced at as specimens of a style in which this painter had no equal—a sort of French-Arcadian-pastoral-fantasia; says Mrs Jameson, 'which never yet existed, in which nature is represented just as in a ballet. The nymphs, and swains, and "mincing Dryades" are all *très gentils*. Our own Wilson's Ruins of the Villa of Maecenas (No. 215) is the most celebrated painting that artist ever executed.

Some of the gems of the gallery yet remain to be noticed. There is a small painting by Jordans (No. 87), which is said to be a study for a large picture in the Munich Gallery. The story of the traveller who excited the indignation of an unsophisticated satyr, his host, by blowing both hot and cold with the same mouth, is well told. Jordans's pictures are all characterised by the deep red hue, which will be noticed here. No. 54 is an excellent representation, by Adrian Brouwer, of the interior of a low public-house. Brouwer was, unfortunately, too well acquainted with such a place; and he died, at an early age, a victim to his excesses. His paintings are much prized, as well for their intrinsic excellence as their rarity. This is the only specimen in a national collection. You must pardon us for drawing your attention to No. 66, a Bull, by Ommeganck. It is a small picture, and you will have to stoop to see it properly. It is a full-length profile of Mr Bull; and we are sure you will say he is an excellent fellow, standing there in a brown study. The Old Lady eating Porridge, by Gerard Douw (No. 85), is said to be a portrait of the artist's mother; and No. 106 is another example of Douw's extraordinary finish. In the same style are Adrian van Ostade's three pictures, Nos. 73, 107, and 190. By all means look at the last. A drinking scene of course; three boozers are seated, in all the enjoyment of ease and gilliness, at a low table. One has a pipe in his mouth, another holds his glass in the air, and the soul of the third is manifestly in his fiddle. Mean as these subjects are, one cannot help being delighted with the spirit and beauty of the execution. 'Admitting the Dutch painters to be what Horace Walpole has termed them, 'the drudging mimics of nature's most uncomely coarsenesses,' it must in turn be conceded that the power put forth in exciting our interest is so much the greater in consequence of the meanness of the theme. Another instance may be seen in No. 132—a Farrier shoeing an Ass, by Berghem—where sheep, horses, &c. seem like real objects reflected on a mirror. Teniers, though a man who moved in the first society of his day, was another master in this low line, as may be perceived from Nos. 148 and 185. The latter represents a man cutting chaff (by hand—machinery had not then come into fashion) in front of a farm-house; and there are the expected accompaniments of such a place—poultry, pigs, horses, &c. Just turn your eyes to No. 229, the Farrier's Shop, by Du Jardin, and we will not afterwards trouble you with these 'uncomely coarsenesses.' A smith is busy shoeing an ox, which has its foot tied down to a stump of wood during the operation. How clear and soft are the hues with which this common scene has been depicted! The picture of a dark-haired, round-faced girl, in a white dress, leaning on a slab of stone, 'wonderful for mingled power and simplicity,' will strike you as being a Murillo. It certainly has much of that painter's style; but it is by Rembrandt, who, 'whether in portrait, landscape, or historical pictures,' says Haydon, 'was like nobody; as wonderful as any, and sometimes superior to all.' Now we come to the real Murillos, which have no doubt fascinated the visitor's eye long before this. What an exquisite painting is the Flower Girl (No. 248)! The full, rich, mellow colouring—the natural attitude—the sweet, gentle smile, that haunts one for many a day afterwards, and seems to say to all comers, Will you have these flowers? How memorable is the whole effect! Then, again, the two groups of boys given in Nos. 283 and 286. Here we have the same excellences (except perhaps the grace) which pervades the preceding picture. 'Murillo,' says Hazlitt, 'is probably at the head of that class of painters who have

treated subjects of common life. After making the colours on the canvas feel and think, the next best thing is to make them breathe and live. But there is, in Murillo's pictures of this kind, a look of real life, a cordial flow of native animal spirits, which we find nowhere else. The Spanish Beggar Boys, at Dulwich College, cannot easily be forgotten by those who have ever seen them.

There are many other paintings in the gallery well worth an attentive perusal; but we are afraid our notices have already extended to a greater length than the reader's patience, and therefore we now cease to inflict our tediousness upon him.

MILITARY POLITENESS.

The most striking instance of military politeness on record, is probably an occurrence at the famous battle of Fontenoy, as related by Voltaire in his 'Siccle de Louis XV.' They (the English) were now about fifty yards distant. A regiment of English guards, those of Campbell, and the royal Scots, were the first; Sir James Campbell was their lieutenant-general, and Mr Churchill, the natural grandchild of the great Duke of Marlborough, their brigadier. The English officers saluted the French by pulling off their hats. The Count of Chabanne and the Duke de Biron, who were advanced, and all the officers of the French guards, returned them the salute. Lord Charles Hay, captain of the English guards, cried, 'Gentlemen of the French guards, fire!' The Count d'Auteroche, at that time lieutenant of the grenadiers, and afterwards captain, replied in a loud voice, 'Gentlemen, we never fire first—fire yourselves!' The English then gave them a running fire; that is to say, they fired in divisions. Nineteen officers of the guards fell by this single discharge; fifty-eight other officers, and 775 soldiers, killed or wounded: in fact 'the whole of the first rank were swept off. . . . The English advanced slowly, as if performing their exercise, the majors with their canes levelling the soldiers' guns to make them fire low and straight!' One is at a loss which to admire most—the politeness and urbanity of the bequeathed, bepowdered, belaced, and beruffled officers on both sides, on the instant of destroying each other wholesale—the coolness of the men—or the imperturbable *sans froid* of the majors, who 'with their canes were levelling their soldiers' guns to make them fire low.' The whole, however, presents a picture of the glories of war—the *ultima ratio regum*, to which it would be difficult, in the whole range of history, to produce a parallel. It would almost compel our acquiescence with the assertion of a certain philosopher, that 'man is by nature a fighting animal.'—*Hood's Magazine*.

FEELING.

To feel is amiable; but to feel too keenly is injurious both to mind and body; and a habit of giving way to sensibility, which we should endeavour to regulate, though not eradicate, may end in a morbid weakness of mind, which may appear to romantic persons very gentle and very interesting, but will undoubtedly render its victims very useless in society. Our feelings were given us to excite to action, and when they end in themselves, they are impressed to no one good purpose that I know of. This is the chief reason why novels are so dangerous to young persons. My dear daughter will be persuaded that I say this from motives of the tenderest affection to her, and because I would have her not stifle the good and amiable emotions of her heart, but direct them rightly. I would not have my child become one of those of whom it may be said that they feel, and only feel. It is the most absurd and useless of all characters.—*Bishop Sandford*.

FRANCE AND ENGLAND.

We make no boast of Waterloo;
Its name excites no pride in us;
We have no hatred of the French,
No scorn of Yankee or of Russ.
The glory that our fathers gained
In bloody warfare years ago,
And which they talk of o'er their cups,
Gives us no joy to think upon.

In truth, we rather love the French,
And think our fathers did them wrong;
And sometimes blush when in the streets,
Quite out of date, an ancient song—
Ghost of a prejudice—comes back,
And tells us how, in days gone out,
The best of Englishmen was he
Who put a dozen French to rout.

We have no foolish thoughts like these
Of France or any other land;
And jealousies so poor and mean
We're somewhat slow to understand.
We'd rather with our friends, the French,
Encourage kindness of thought,
Than gain a score of Waterloos,
Or any battle ever fought.

And in this year of 'forty-six,'
We rising men in life's young prime,
Are men who think the French have done
The world good service in their time.
And for their sakes, and for our own,
And freedom's sake o'er all the earth,
We'd rather let old feuds expire,
And cling to something better worth.

If thought of battles gained by us
Disturb or gall them, let it rest;
Napoleon was a man of men,
But neither wickedest nor best:
Neither a demon nor a god;
And if they will adore a king,
The honest man who rules them now
Deserves a little worshipping.

To be at strife, however just,
Has no attraction to our mind:
And as for nations fond of war,
We think them pests of humankind.
Still, if there must be rivalry
Betwixt us and the French, why, then
Let earth behold us, while we show
Which of the two are better men.

We'll try the rivalry of Arts,
Of Science, Learning, Freedom, Fame—
We'll try who first shall light the world
With Charity's divinest flame—
Who best shall elevate the poor,
And teach the wealthy to be true—
We want no rivalry of arms,
We want no boasts of Waterloo.

—*Daily News*.

C. M.

NOTICE.

The Editors of the Journal do not undertake to return manuscripts sent to them, or to answer questions put to them, by strangers.

The present number of the Journal completes the fifth volume (new series), for which a title-page and index have been prepared, and may be had of the publishers and their agents.

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